Poor Little Adeline;

A Favorite Comic Ballad as

Sung by Mrs Roffey,

In the New Grand Spectacle called

The MINE on the Black Forest of IDRIA,

Performing with universal Applause

At the

NEW ROYAL CIRCUS,

Written by Mr Cross,

The Music Composed by

J. Sanderson

Entered at Stationer's Hall.

Price 1^s

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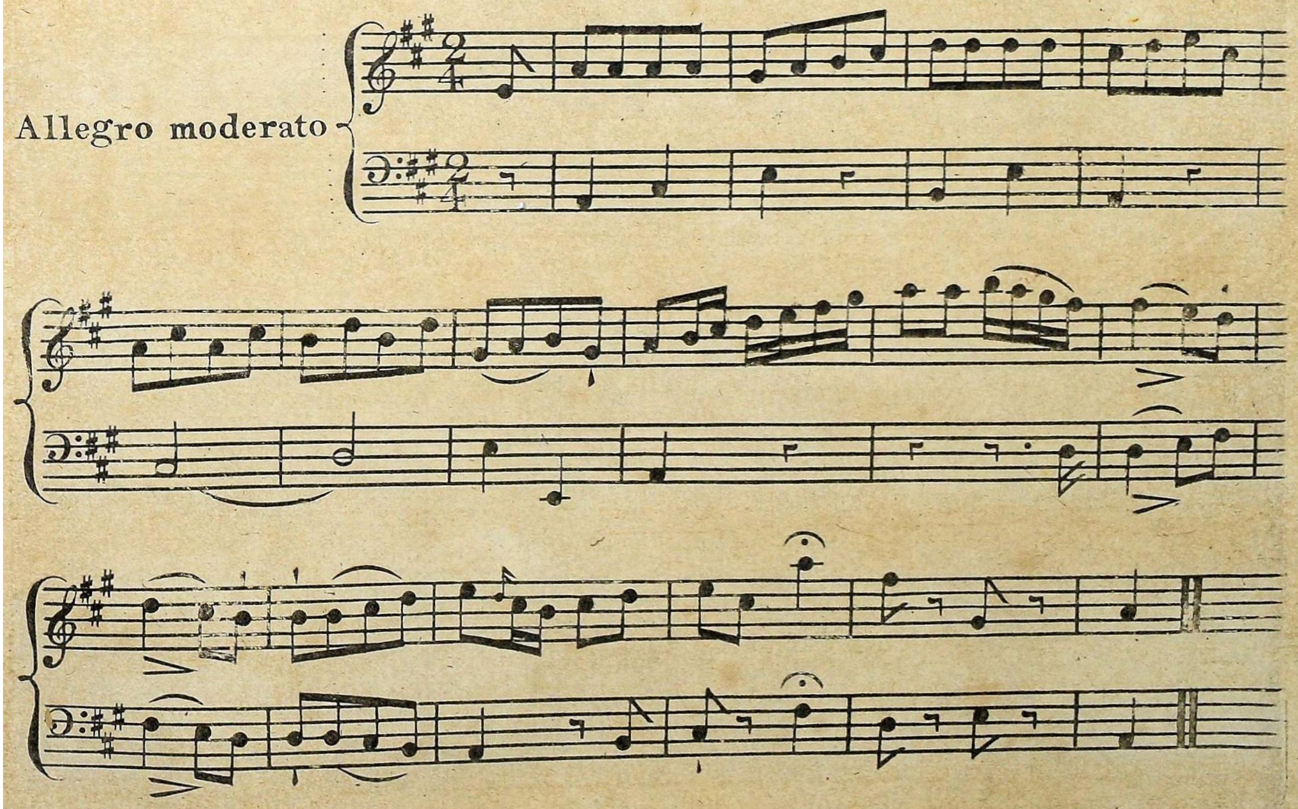
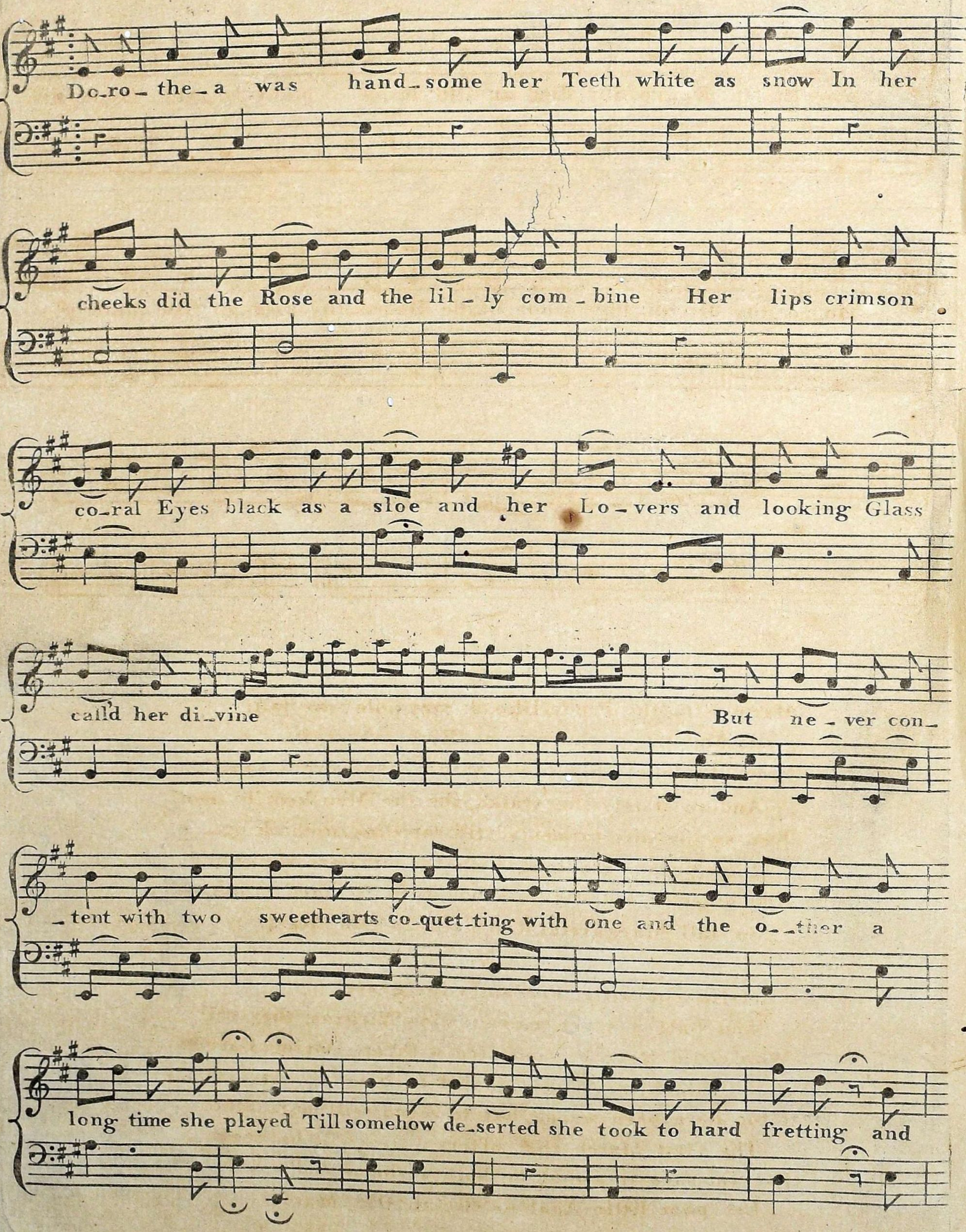
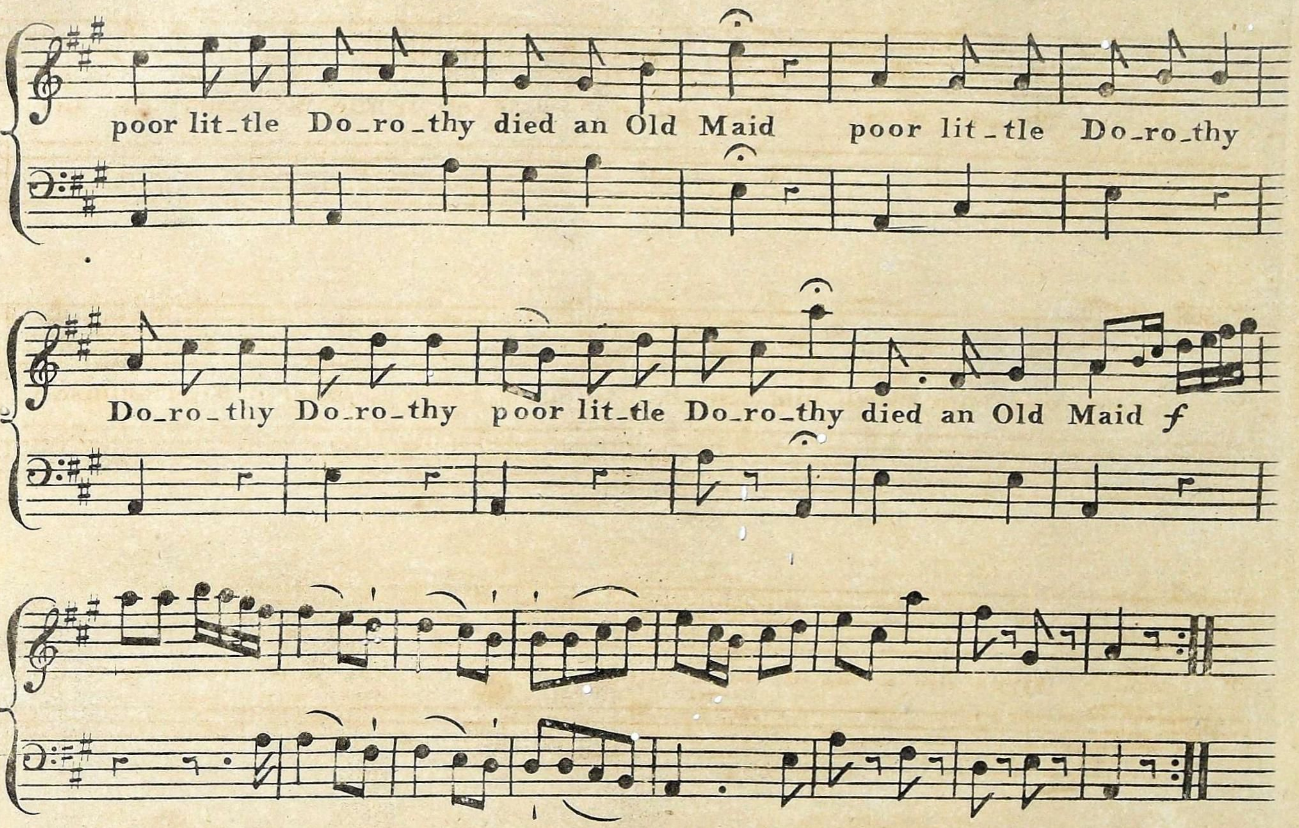



Do_ro_the_a was hand_some her Teeth white as snow In her
cheeks did the Rose and the lil_ly com_bine Her lips crimson
co_ral Eyes black as a sloe and her Lo_vers and looking Glass
call'd her di_vine But ne_ver con_
_tent with two sweethearts co_quet_ting with one and the o_ther a
long time she played Till somehow de_serted she took to hard fretting and



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Margaretta, the Prude, like a may pole was tall;
As Majestic a charmer as Eyes ever saw!
From Rudeness her looks would her Lovers appall,
And so stately she stalk'd, she the Men kept in awe!
Two swains she tormented, till somehow, unthinking—
Like pussey too long with the nibblers she play'd;
And deserted, I dont know how, took to hard drinking!
So tall Margaretta too died an Old Maid.

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Flirtella the witty, Prudentia the grave;
And half a score more, sallow Virgins, they call;
Who could Ne'er be contented with one loving slave,
Till alack! they were doom'd to have no slave at all!
I too have been wrong, but to mend will begin, tho;
The first Match that offers, Fates will be obey'd,
For I'm sure it would be both a shame and a sin, to
Let poor little Adeline die an Old Maid.